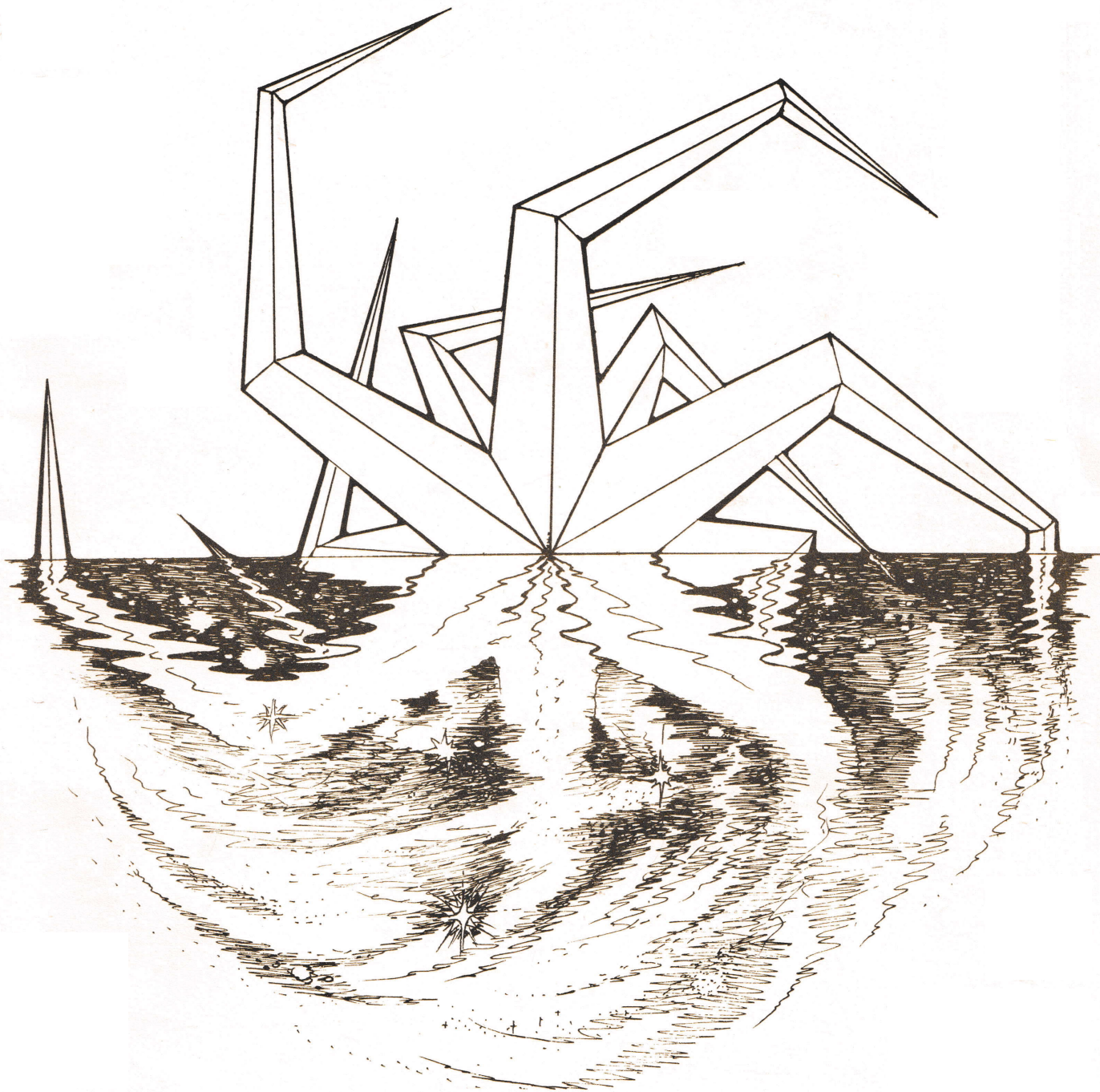


75

CRYSTAL MEMORIES



Songs by Phillip Wayne and Cynthia McQuillin

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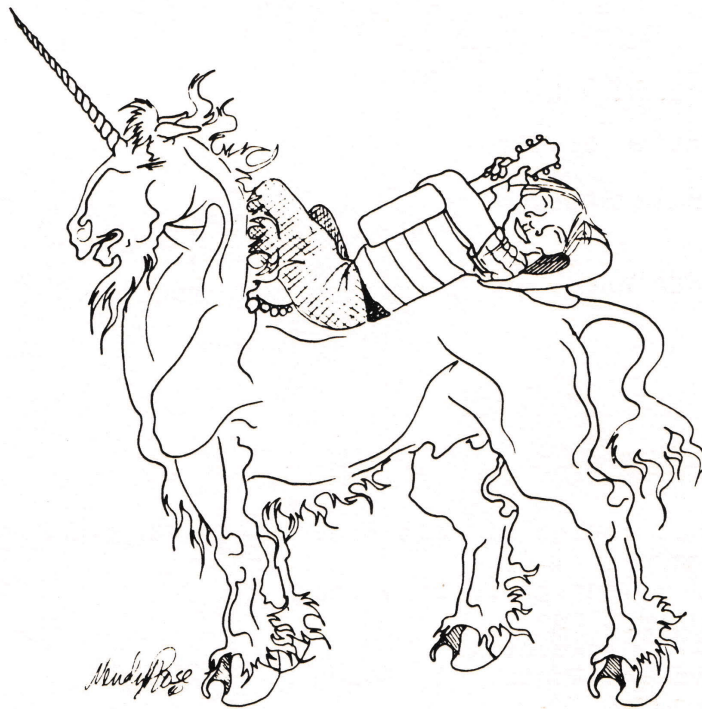
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Crystal Memories

Songs by Phillip Wayne and Cynthia McQuillin

Edited by

Teri Lee, Catherine Cook, and Jordin Kare



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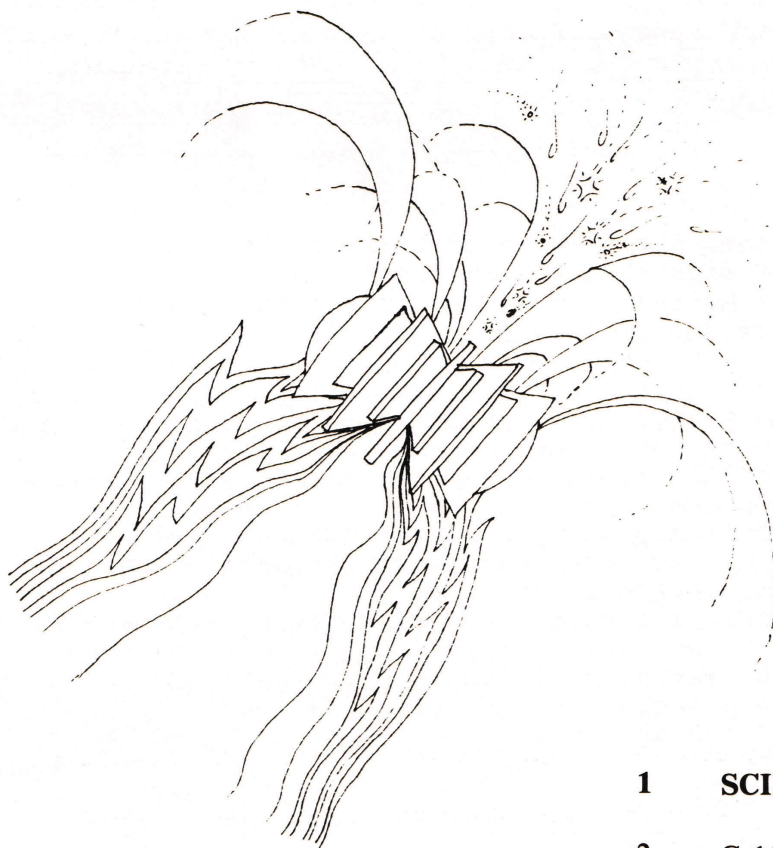
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5213 Colusa Ave.
Richmond Annex, CA 94804

Science



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Live and Learn

The musical score is written on four staves in 4/4 time. The melody is in G major, with chords indicated above the notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Am C G E Am G Am
 Fill your glass and sing a song of a life in space on the edge of fear. For
 Am C G E Am G Am
 we are the men who dwell in the hell that's still called home for an en - gi - neer.
 G7 C E7 Am Am G C G E7 Am G7
 So here's to the man with his hand on Hell and the fires that flame in the fu- sion burn So
 C E7 Am G C G E7 Am
 toss off a beer to the en- gi- neer, if he's gon-na live long then he'll live and learn.

Fill your glass and sing a song
 Of a life in space on the edge of fear
 For we are the men who dwell in the hell
 That's still called home for an engineer.

CHORUS: So here's to the man with his hand on Hell
 And the fires that flame in the fusion burn.
 So toss off a beer to the engineer
 If he's gonna live long then he'll live and learn.

Some men hear the song of the stars
 In every throb of a star ship's drive,
 And some men find their peace of mind
 In the hell where the drive field's kept alive.

CHORUS

The trail to the stars is long and wide
 And littered with bodies of ships and men.
 It's the price we've paid for the roads we've made
 That many will not see home again.

CHORUS

Engineers are only men,
 For each mistake they make, they pay.
 On one man's hands ride a hundred lives
 And the hope they'll see another day.

CHORUS

Hanrahan's Bar

Em G D Em G A B

We pride our-selves on our well stocked shelves Wine from Deneb and whisky from Karr. Any

Em G D Em D Em

world you think of we car-ry the drink of We serve the u- ni-verse at Han-ra-han's Bar. The

G D Em G A B

bar-ten-der's Irish, Mike Flanagan by name. Killed a doz-en men on a rim world they claim. The

Em G D Em G D Em

bar-maid's a gen- tle el- e- gant lass As long as you keep your hands on your glass

We pride ourselves on our well stocked shelves.
 Wine from Deneb and whiskey from Karr.
 Any world you think of we carry the drink of,
 We serve the universe at Hanrahan's Bar.

The bartender's Irish, Mike Flanagan by name,
 Killed a dozen men on a rim world they claim.
 The barmaid's a gentle, elegant lass -
 As long as you keep your hands on your glass.

The Patrollers drop by every hour or two
 Just to keep the place quiet and to belt down a few.
 If a fight breaks out, then they're always in -
 Unfortunately, they seldom win.

The pride of Ko is the Engineer's Corp.
 They've been stationed here for a century or more.
 They make good money and they know how to spend
 And if you've got troubles there are no finer friends.



Now the Combine whose man Michael Flanagan killed
Had sent out two hit men to deliver their will,
But when they tried to take him engineers barred the way
And to everyone's surprise, the Patrol saved the day.

"Wait" cried the Commander, "I'm not for your plan.
This here's a Patrol base - you can't take the man.
The Combine may want him but he's our personnel.
The Patrol owns this bar - you can all go to Hell!"

We pride ourselves on our well stocked shelves.
Wine from Deneb and whiskey from Carr.
Any world you think of we carry the drink of,
We serve the universe at Hanrahan's Bar.

Icarus Arising

I can fly I can rise to meet the sun I can be
me or I can be most an - y - one and I can
do what I need to I can touch the stars I have
built might - y wings to hold be - fore me in the wind and I have
found me such joy as may fill my heart forev - er and I can fly and I can fly

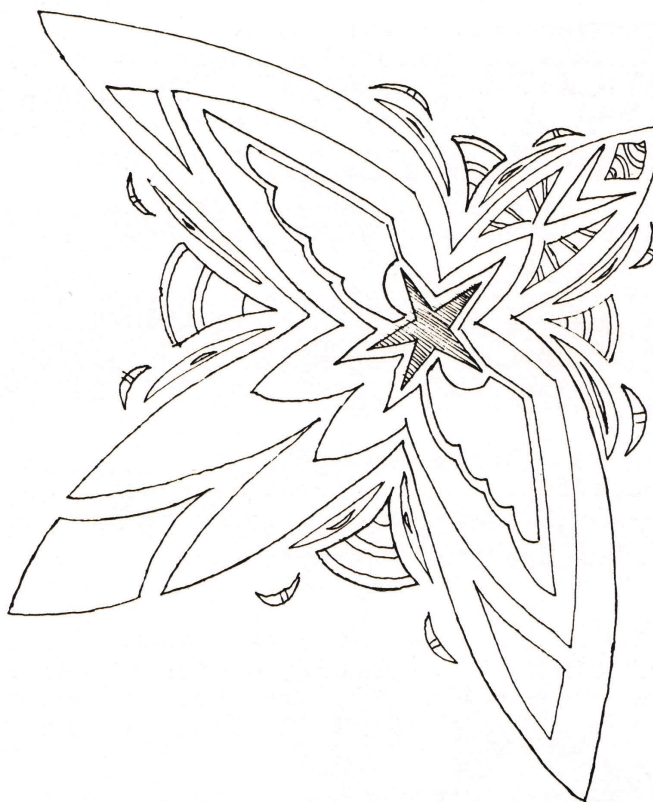
I can fly! I can rise to meet the sun.
I can be me or I can be most anyone
And I can do what I need to -
I can touch the stars!

I am light! I can permeate the sky.
I am Peace. I, the answer to your cry
And I can do what you seek to -
I can touch the stars!

I have built mighty wings to hold before me in the wind,
And I have found me such joy
As may fill my heart forever,
And I can fly!

I am Free! I am lighter than the air.
I can stay here, or I can be most anywhere
And I can do what I want to.
I can touch the stars!

I have built mighty wings to hold before me in the wind,
And I have found me such joy
As may fill my heart forever,
And I can fly!
And I can fly!



Howl at the Moon



Once we stood proudly in cities and dreamed
 We basked in the warmth of the golden sun's beams
 And our children would live in a world we redeemed
 So we howl, howl at the moon.

Now the rivers are rancid, and the land is so dry
 And the sun's beams are deadly when crossing the sky
 So the industry's still, and we ask ourselves why
 As we howl, howl at the moon.

Silent our factories, still one and all
 The night birds take shelter within their bleak halls
 A curse on the death sun brought on by their pall
 As we howl, howl at the moon.

Someday, they say that the ships will return
 To take us away from a planet that burns
 With only the knowledge we painfully learned
 As we howl, howl at the moon.

We wait in our tunnels for sounds of the night
 When the stars of the heavens send beautiful light
 And the hunting birds shriek in their first evening's flight
 Then we howl, howl at the moon.

We are the keepers of darkness and dreams
 Singing our nightsongs in moonlight pale beams
 And many's the soul that our night song redeems
 As we howl, howl at the moon.



One of Us

9

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Am, G, F, G, Am, Am, G, F, G, Am, C, G, F, E7, Am, G, F, G, Am, Am, G, F, G, Am. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

We lifted on the Des- ti- ny one bal- my sum- mer's night With a
load of fuel and six months food Bound for Cen- taur- us light. We
set our course for the cold of space, as we watched old Sol re- cede.
El- len Chang, Mc- Graw the doc, my broth- er Jed and me. But
now there's on- ly we two left, and on- ly we know why For the
one of us is a mur- der- er and the one of us must die.

We lifted on the Destiny, one balmy summer's night
With a load of fuel and six months food, bound for Centaurus' light.
We set our course for the cold of space, as we watched old Sol recede,
Ellen Chang, McGraw the doc, my brother Jed, and me.

CHORUS: But now there's only we two left, and only we know why
For the one of us is a murderer, and the one of us must die.

Ellen was our engineer, the engines were her lair
She suited up and went outside to check a fuel line tear
Her airline caught on a burling hook, and we felt her safeties flare
As she drifted by, her last words were, "What bastard cut my air!"

Doc McGraw, he turned to me, with anger in his eye
"You fool," he said, "they'll hang you sure, for making Ellen die.
I saw her drifting by us, and her safety line was cut."
And the knife was in my brother's hand, and in the doctor's gut.

When we were children, long ago, they used to call me Jed
But then one day my brother drowned, they told me he was dead
So I let him take my body and I soon became as he
And I said I'd live inside his head, for all eternity.

So here we lie on the cold, cold deck, the force knife in our hand
In a pool of blood that says that we will never kill again.
In peace, we'll be together now, for all eternity
And vengeance for it was his hand that pushed me to the sea.
And vengeance, for it was my hand, that pushed him to the sea.

Fuel to Feed the Drive

A hun- dred parsecs out on a ship called Bor- man's Fate The
 en- gi- neer Mc- Clel- lan sent the word out to the mate. "The
 en- gine's growing cold" he said, "And soon our ship must die. If
 we can't find a pla- net with fuel to feed the drive.

A hundred parsecs out on a ship called Borman's Fate
 The engineer McClellan sent the word out to the mate.
 "The engine's growing cold," he said, "and soon our ship will die
 If we can't find a planet with fuel to feed the drive."

Now our ship's a noble lady, and our captain he is true,
 But our engineer is no one's God, no angels in our crew.
 If we can't find an answer soon, nobody will survive.
 Why can't we find some blasted rock with fuel to feed the drive.

What prayer can stir the gods of space who dwell beyond the stars?
 What mortal words can help or heal an engine without power?
 Will we drift forever? Lost between the stars we strive
 To find a single planet with fuel to feed the drive.

The screen glows bright! A world we've found of rock and ice and steel.
 If only we can make it there, pray the ions hold the field.
 Hope flares anew, the fields will hold, our engine will survive.
 It's a hell of a world, but there's hydrogen to feed our dying drive.

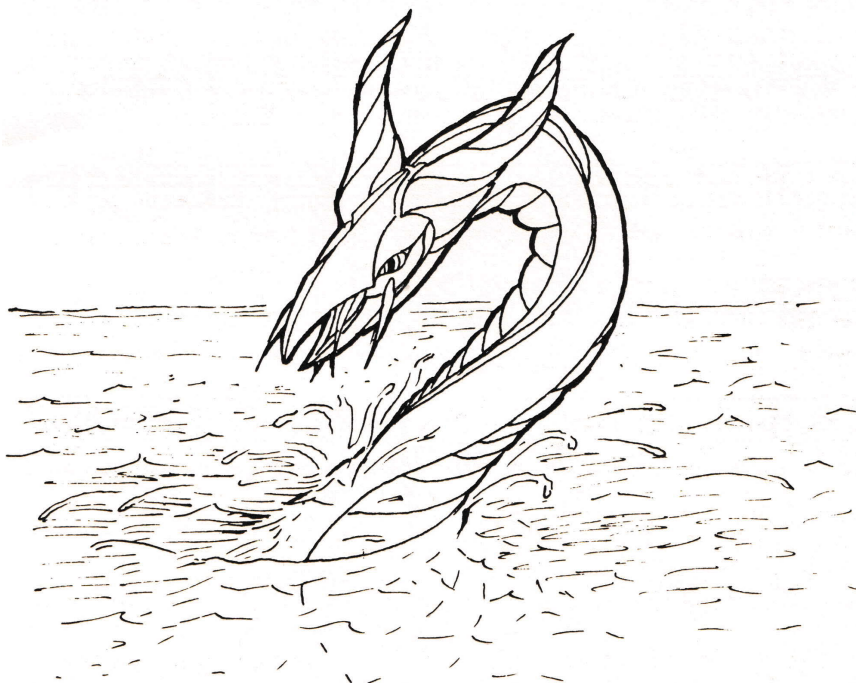
So once again we fly through space, this void beyond the stars.
 Who knows what ruin may take us, what evil fate is ours.
 But as long as our ship is able we will ply the stars and thrive,
 As long as we are granted fuel to feed the drive.
 As long as we are granted fuel to feed the drive.

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Lyrics: Cynthia McQuillin and Phillip Wayne

Music: Cynthia McQuillin

Magic



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- 12 The Lord of the Night Wind Rune
- 14 Moon Runner
- 15 Dark Memories
- 16 Arise, My Love
- 17 Dark Moon Circle
- 18 The Year of the Unicorn
- 20 Innocence
- 21 Three Sisters
- 22 Pan, Pan, Pan

The Lord of the Night Wind Rune

I am the lord of the Chan-dra- har, from Chuff to the Tongue of Brall From
far Ja- gai to the Ja- fir coast, the mas- ter of it all I
see with - in my crys- tal eye, the one who comes a- lone He
comes with ven- geance in his heart to steal a sto - len throne.
The Cat rune rules the heart, and dark the desert dune But he who rides the dark is lord of the Night Wind Rune

The Cat rune rules the heart, and sand the desert dune
But he who rides the dark is Lord of the Night Wind Rune.

I am the lord of the Chandrahar, from Chuff to the Tongue of Brall
From far Jagai, to the Jafir coast, the master of it all.
I see within my crystal eye, the one who comes alone,
He comes with vengeance in his heart, to steal a stolen throne.

I raise my hand and speak the word that sounds the rune song's pow'r
To crush him, as I've done before to others in their hour.
I've heard dark tales of the Night Wind Rune, and touched it, in a dream,
And I know that the battle was locked and joined in the moment he was seen.

When I first took this Rune-damned throne from the lord of the Rune of Three
His dying words on vengeful lips told of my slavery
Now how many men must a rune king kill, before he can be free
Of the weight of throne and rune king's rule that is his slavery?

I feel the searing night wind bolt that burns into my soul
And know that I am free at last and tired, so tired and old
So let him take this throne of pow'r -- in his hand let it be
For Death is the only Rune I know that sets a rune king free
For I've learned to hate the rune-throne's gift of Immortality.



Moon Runner



CHORUS: No hope of love will ever free her
 Lost to all our worldly strife
 Such a price she pays for her freedom
 Dearer than her very life.

Morning finds her sleeping softly
 In her bed of feather down.
 Evening finds her waiting, waiting
 For the way that leads to ground.

CHORUS

Once she sought out will and wisdom
 Dwelling 'neath her high hall's beams
 Now she knows the blood lust passion --
 Runs each night in wolven dreams.

CHORUS

When the moon is riding cloudways
 On the mountain and the hill
 Then she runs with fang and claws drawn
 With the wolfpack for the kill.

CHORUS

Some are born to live in high halls
 Some are born to run the rills
 Some are born to silks and satins
 Some are born to hunt and kill.

CHORUS



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Lyrics: Phillip Wayne, Cynthia McQuillin, and Jana Stewart

Music: Phillip Wayne

Dark Memories

The winds of Oc- to - ber blow fierce and high the promise of winter snows clinging In the
 hearth the bright fire burns e - ver higher in shadow are memories sing- ing As
 time runs on Swift as the wa - ters of sum - mer The
 days are gone. Far past re- call- ing, Far past re- claiming.

The winds of October blow fierce and high
 The promise of winter snows clinging.
 In the hearth the bright fire burns ever higher
 In shadow are memories singing.

As time runs on swift as the waters of summer.
 The days are gone, far past recalling, far past reclaiming.

She sits by the fire and dreams of a man,
 His hair was all silver and silky.
 His swift piercing eyes were as dark as night skies,
 His skin was cool, smooth and milky.

But time runs on swift as the waters of summer.
 And Love is gone, far past recalling, far past reclaiming.

But once she was young and she danced in the spring,
 The summer fires brought love to blossom.
 But how life goes on, now her beauty is gone;
 Only memories comfort her losses.

Still time runs on swift as the waters of summer.
 And youth is gone - far past recalling, far past reclaiming.

Arise, My Love

The moon sil-ver shone on the bed where she lay, Her hair was all tous- led, as
 yel-low as hay. The dark green air felt her breath like a mist,
 Touched her sweet lips as en - chant-ed they kissed. A - rise, my
 love, and come to me That we may one for - ev - er be.

The moon silver shone on the bed where she lay,
 Her hair was all tousled, as yellow as hay.
 The darkling air felt her breath like a mist,
 Touched her sweet lips as enchanted they kissed.

"Arise, my love and come to me
 That we may one forever be."

Like quick silver swift from the window he sprang,
 Patterned the grasses with dew as he ran;
 This night wizard wraith with a star in his eyes
 And she turns in her sleep and so fretfully cries.

"Whither ye go, my love so free,
 There I must go and follow thee."

The dawn crimson glowed as she rose from her bed
 To flee from the safety of Family and stead
 To the chill of the forest, her lover to seek,
 But the night found her lost, crying, weary and weak.

"Where are you love? Oh come to me
 That we may one forever be."

The night cloaks her longing with chill and despair,
 And a crystalline glamour bedazzles the air.
 Sticken to death on the hard ground she lies
 And he gazes upon her with cold starry eyes.

"Arise, my love and come to me
 That we may one forever be -
 Arise, my love, your spirit free,
 Now we shall one forever be."

Dark Moon Circle



Lady hey! Steal away - join us in the woodlands.
 Revel high through the night until the dawn is at hand.

Nightingale sings and wails, she's our secret keeping.
 Dead of night, dark moon light, all the men are sleeping.

Spirit high, come dance with me, air and earth and water free.
 Lay your hand upon my breast, take me to your blessed rest.

Nightingale sings and wails, she's our secret keeping.
 Dead of night, dark moon light, all the men are sleeping.

-All the men are sleeping.



The Year of the Unicorn



Thir - teen brides we have brought you. Take them do what you will.

Thir - teen brides we have trad - ed To cleanse our land it's the price you de - mand but still. It's the year of the u-ni-corn.

What fate may it bring? You say peace for the Dale lands.

Yes, but for me, well I'd rath - er be free than safe ringed.

Thirteen brides we have brought you,
 Take them, do what you will!
 Thirteen brides we have traded
 To cleanse our land, it's the price you demand -
 But still...

Such strange husbands await thee.
 How each bride seathes with fear.
 Such strange futures you've chosen;
 So go you must, may the Gods that you trust
 Hold you dear:

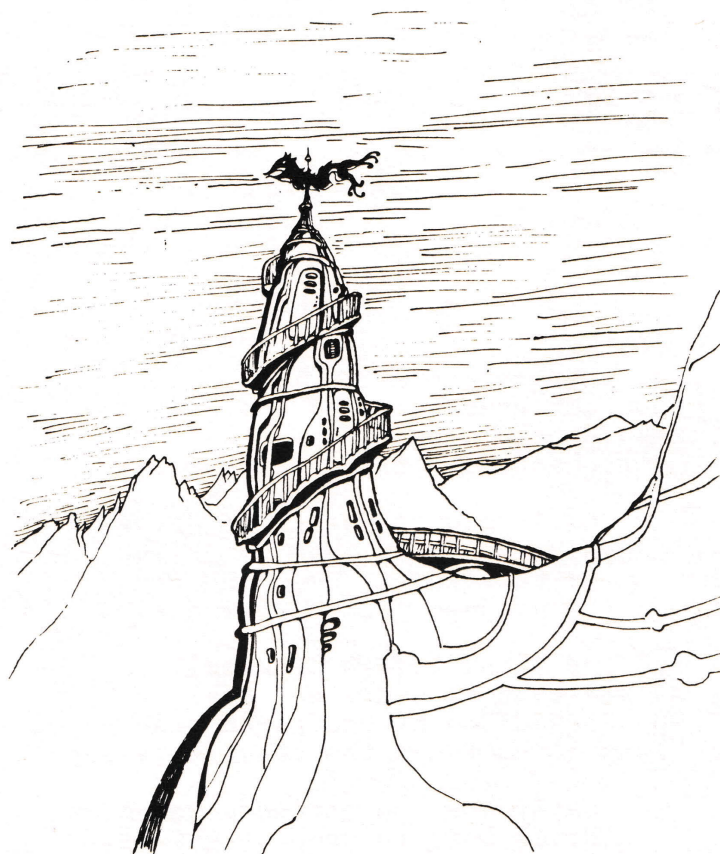
It's the year of the unicorn!
 What fate may it bring?
 You say "Peace for the Dales lands."
 But as for me, well I'd rather be free
 Than safe ringed.



What strange men are these
Here before my eyes changing.
And the land that we ride through is not what it seems,
Or is this a dream,
My mind's ranging.

It's the year of the unicorn!
What fate may it bring?
A wild wizard's adventure?
But with faith by my side, through enchantment I ride -
I have wings.

Thirteen brides we have brought you.



Innocence



See the ma-gic beastie lay u-pon the gras-ses sweet and grey.
Horn-ed head u-pon my knees 'Twas his touch that set me free.
Gay-ly now the gar-lands weave, nev-er more to weep or grieve.
As the dan-cers heed and cry "In-no-cence will nev-er die."
See the beast be-fore me kneel As the dan-cers weave and reel.
Horn-ed one he stoops to pray 'twas I who tamed the beast this day.

See the magic beastie lay
Upon the grasses sweet and grey
Horned head upon my knee
"Twas his touch that set me free.

Gayly now the garlands weave.
Never more to weep or grieve.
As the dancers heed and cry
"Innocence shall never die!"

See the beast before me kneel
As the dancers weave and reel.
The Horned One he stoops to pray
"Twas I who tamed the beast this day.

Gayly now the garlands weave.
Never more to weep or grieve.
As the dancers heed and cry
"Innocence shall never die!"

Three Sisters

Sis-ter sis-ter sit-ting there none so pale and none so fair
 None so wild and none so free, but nev-er may she mar-ried be.
 The old-est one, her name is Death. The young-est one is born. The
 mid-dle one, she weaves the stuff from which are lives are formed.

Sister, sister sitting there;
 None so pale and none so fair.
 None so wild and none so free,
 Yet never may she married be.

CHORUS: The oldest one, her name is Death;
 The youngest one is Born.
 The middle one, she weaves the stuff
 From which our lives are formed.

Sister, sister sitting there,
 The dust of age upon your hair.
 None so wise and none so free
 As she who weaves our destiny.

CHORUS

Sister, sister sitting there;
 None so haggard, worn with care.
 None so cruel and none so free
 As she who takes my life from me.

CHORUS



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Lyrics: Cynthia McQuillin

Music: Cynthia McQuillin and Phillip Wayne

Pan, Pan, Pan

Dance 'round the circles the year wheel turns Rising in passion the soul fire burns.

Who knows the joy that the lov - er learns, cry Pan, Pan, Pan.

Soft as a wind in the trees ca - res. See - ing the way that the earth can bless.

He strides the world in his hap - pi - ness, cry Pan, Pan, Pan.

CHORUS: Dance 'round the circle the year wheel turns
Rising in passion the soul-fire burns
Who knows the joy that the lover learns
Cry Pan, Pan, Pan.

Soft as a wind in the trees caress
Seeing the way that the earth can bless
He strides the world in his happiness
Cry Pan, Pan, Pan.

CHORUS

Gather the sheaves in a bundle round
Dancing a path on the open ground
Knowing that autumn's love is found
Cry Pan, Pan, Pan.

CHORUS

Pan Kakadaimonos, Mega Pan
Ancient of names when time began
Who takes the heart of woman and man
Cry Pan, Pan, Pan.

CHORUS



Love and War



23 LOVE AND WAR

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- 33 The Visitor

The Ballad of a Peacetime Soldier

All a - cross the mid-dle land the mer - ce - na - ry travelled. He

fought u - pon the moun-tains u - pon the sea. 'til the

moun - tain lords they raised their voices, said "we'll have no bat - tle And we'd

thank you ve - ry kind-ly if you'd leave our fair coun - try."

It's hard for a merce - na - ry with no land to call his own When the

world he knows no long - er goes to war. No

work for a peace time sol - dier, no com - pa - ny and no home. No

way to earn a pen - ny for the poor.

All upon the middle lands the mercenary traveled.
 He fought upon the mountains across the sea
 Til the mountain lords they raised their voices, said "We'll have no battle.
 And we'd thank you very kindly if you'd leave our fair country."

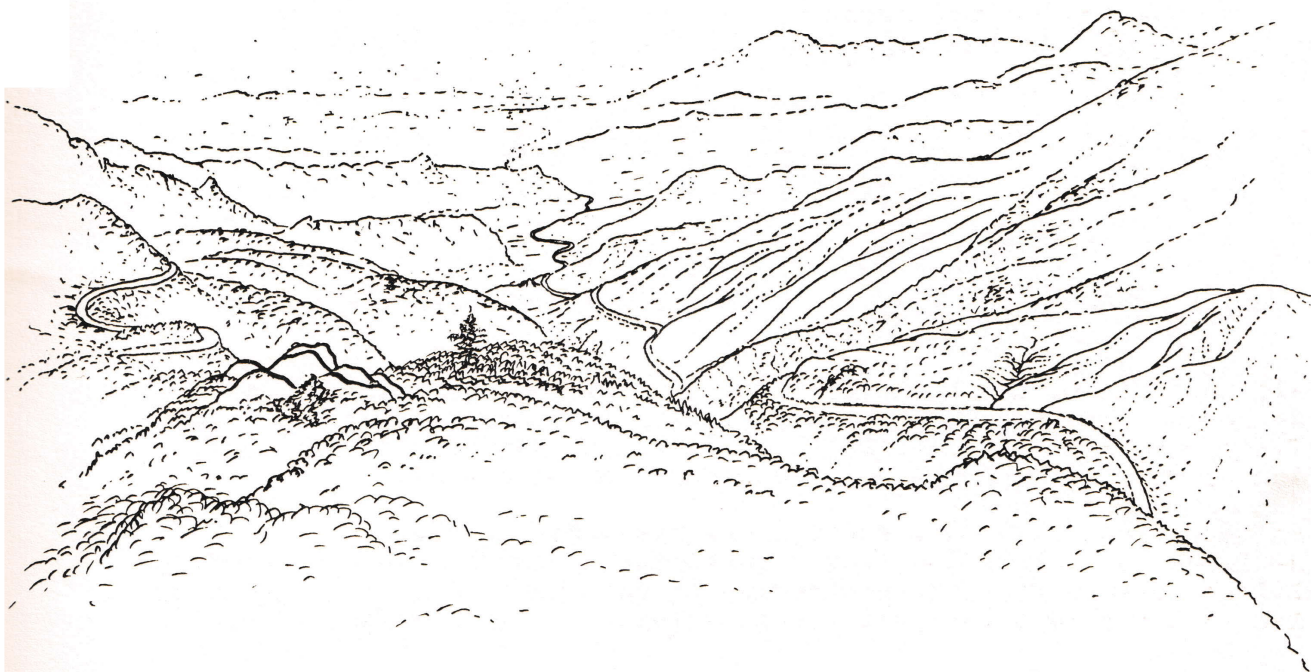
So out across the swarthy plains the mercenary traveled.
 He fought on desert sands and burning seas
 Til the desert kings they cried "No more! No more will we give battle.
 And we would be very happy if you'd leave us to our peace."

It's hard for a mercenary with no land to call his own
 When the world he knows no longer goes to war.
 No work for a peacetime soldier, no company and no home.
 No way to earn a penny for the poor.

Then out upon the middle seas the mercenary traveled.
He signed himself aboard a fine galley.
But the captain said "We are merchant men, my boy, we seek no battle.
We've a blessing from the gods who protect our company."

So back again to his own home land the mercenary traveled.
To carve a hold in the mountain vastness free.
Now a highwayman, he offers every passing merchant battle,
And a curse for the lifetime that taught him thievery.

It's hard for a mercenary with no land to call his own
When the world he knows no longer goes to war.
No work for a peacetime soldier, no company and no home.
No way to earn a penny for the poor.



Green Passions

Tall and green I saw him standing there with his feet planted firm-ly in the ground. His
 eyes pro - trud - ed like ant - lers He was tall and green and round!
 "Why, oh why" cried my mother dear, "Must you love a plant? It will
 sure-ly up - set your brother dear and greatly em - bar - rass your aunt."

Tall and green I saw him standing there
 With his feet planted firmly in the ground.
 His eyes protruding like antlers,
 He was tall, and green, and round.

"Why oh why" cried my mother dear
 "Must you love a plant?
 It will surely upset your brother dear,
 And greatly embarass your aunt."

Can't they see why I love him so?
 He's not cruel, carnivorous or crass.
 My family thinks that I'm a fool
 To love an asparagras.

My father says "How's his bank account?
 What kind of living can he earn?
 What will you do til he's out of school?
 What kind of trade can he learn?"

Tall and green I saw him standing there
 With his feet planted firmly in the ground.
 His eyes protruding like antlers -
 He was tall ... and green ... and round!

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Lyrics: Cynthia McQuillin and Jana Stewart

Music: Cynthia McQuillin

The Marching Song of the Uruk Hai

Born of earth and bred by blade, we are mas - ters of our trade Sing! We are the Ur-uk Hai!

Carry-ry forth the shadows dark! Raise the night and slay the lark! Sing! we are the Uruk Hai! March to the

mountains! March to the sky! March to the o - ceans Sing! We are the Ur-uk Hai!

Born of earth, and bred by blade,
 We are masters of our trade
 Sing! We are the Uruk Hai!
 Carry forth the shadows dark!
 Raise the night and slay the lark!
 Sing! We are the Uruk Hai!

CHO: March to the mountains! March to the sky!
 March to the oceans! Sing! We are the Uruk Hai!

Follow us where death-birds fly
 For elves and men alike may die,
 Sing, we are the Uruk Hai.
 Many follow where we've led
 Few remain unless they're dead
 Sing, we are the Uruk Hai.

CHO:

We are born and bred for war
 Like our fathers gone before
 Sing, we are the Uruk Hai.
 Come and follow, if you dare
 Into Mordor's darkest lair
 Sing, we are the Uruk Hai.

CHO:

Our home is by the Shadow's fire
 Our death is in his fun'ral pyre
 Sing, we are the Uruk Hai.
 Ax and sword befit our hand
 The way our lord and maker planned
 Sing, we are the Uruk Hai.

CHO:



Doc's Guitar

In the worst snow of the sea-son, on a cold mid-win-ter's night. My
la-dy lay in child-bed, the child was not just right. Doc
Gan-try said he'd be here, though the jour-ney was so far. And I
knew he'd come 'cause by the fire was Doc's be-loved gui-tar. "Where I
want to go, I'll go" Doc said, "Where I want to be I'll be.
I just don't think there's an-y-thing can stop a man like me."

In the worst snow of the season, on a cold midwinter's night,
My lady lay in childbed, the child was not just right.
Doc Gantry said he'd be here, though the journey was so far,
And I knew he'd come, 'cause by the fire was Doc's beloved guitar.

CHORUS:

"Where I want to go, I'll go," Doc says, "where I want to be I'll be,
I just don't think there's anything can stop a man like me."

In the winter wind a howling, like a banshee straight from hell.
 I heard from far below nine tailors from the church's bell.
 Then it calmed, I heard a knock, I knew who it must be;
 "Where's Helen, son, it's 4:00 a.m., I've not much time" says he.

CHORUS

"Well, Doc, you crazy fool" says I, "you could've froze to death.
 No sane man rides in a storm like this 'less he wants t stop his breath
 Doc" says I, "you're old and grey, that any fool can see."
 "Son" says he, "there's just some things can't stop a man like me."

CHORUS

The baby lived and Helen lived, the future it looked bright.
 But Doc rode off, saying "more to do before the morning light."
 My lady slept with her newborn babe, in our small bed she lay,
 And the day Doc Gantry came to town was sure a lucky day.

CHORUS

The fire was low, I picked a match and lit my best cigar.
 I noticed by the fireside still lay the Doc's guitar.
 Well, the storm had passed so I saddled up, and tied the guitar down.
 The least that I could do for him, take Doc's guitar to town.

CHORUS

I'd know Doc's buckboard anywhere, it's parked outside the church.
 The horses they are restless, the buckboard gives a lurch.
 The preacher man, he looks at me, says "Jason, you're a star.
 Doc died last night, but at the last he gave you that guitar.
 - "Bout 4:00 a.m., but at the last he gave you that guitar."

CHORUS

The Lament of a Dry Town Bride

Once long a- go I lived in the moun - tains far from the flat land I now know so well.

Once I had bright hair as red as the sun - shine Once I had ho - nor, now I have none.

I am for - sak - en, my free-dom is gone. Now I wear chains on my hands.

Dressed in such finery as my master may fancy, My heart sore with bondage, I bow to com - mand.

Once long ago I lived in the mountains,
Far from the flat land I now know so well.
Once I had bright hair, as red as the sunshine;
Once I had honor, now I have none.

I am forsaken, my freedom is gone,
Now I wear chains on my hands.
Dressed in such finery as my Master should fancy,
My heart sore with bondage, I bow to command.

Had I grown old in the mountains of my youth
I'd have been wedded to a lord of that land.
I'd have born children with coppery red hair,
Been given a bracelet to wear on my hand.

I am forsaken, my pride is all gone.
No family have I to call kin.
Lost among strangers I know only shame now,
Freedom and love live only in dreams.

Once long ago I lived in the mountains,
Far from the flat land I now know so well.
Once I had bright hair, as red as the sunshine;
Once I had honor, now I have none.

The Android's Love Song



Android number one hundred and two
 Fell in love with one hundred and three
 A musical miss with a chromium twist
 For singing, but quite out of key.

Now this fanciful fault had captured his heart
 For never another could he
 Imagine allowed to sing right out loud
 With a defect from factory three.

Now their courtship went on in the front corner room
 Of the "Robots for All" Sales Building
 Until late in May when they took her away
 She went, although quite unwilling.

How long does it take for a young heart to feel?
 Who's to say what is human or not?
 When love is in bloom and it thinks that it's real
 No greater bond could have been wrought.

Now he stands there alone in that front corner room
 And his circuits are filled with regrets,
 But time cannot heal the hurt that he feels,
 For an Android never forgets.

For an Android can never forget.

The Valkyrie's Last Ride

Val-ky-rie, val-ky-rie ride out your course Drive with your heels, spur-ring your horse

Val-ky-rie, Valky-rie on-ward you fly wait-in for men to die

gath-er, gather the he-ro who waits be-low on the field.

Feel, feel arms tight a-bout you in-vok-ing the love no val-ky-rie can yield.

Valkyrie, valkyrie, ride out your course
 Drive with your heels, spurring your horse.
 Valkyrie, valkyrie, onward you fly
 Waiting for men to die.

Gather, gather the hero, who
 Waits below on the field.
 Feel, feel, his arms tight about you
 Invoking the love no valkyrie can yield.

Valkyrie, valkyrie, onward you fly,
 A steed like a sword, a tear in your eye,
 His arms tight about you, the reins in his hand,
 Fly to the rainbow land.

Turn, turn, turn in the saddle, to
 Face him who fights for your soul.
 Heed not, heed not the burnings of
 Passions that never made valkyrie whole.

Valkyrie, valkyrie, what have you done?
 Where will you go? Where will you run?
 Forever banned from fair Valhalla's bliss,
 All for a mortal kiss.

Ride, ride, ride through the starways, they
 Ride, ride, ride through the mists.
 Flee, flee, flee Odin's handmaiden,
 Flee to the Nibelheim, flee for a kiss.

Vafthrudnir, all seeing, watches above,
 See how she clings, sees her in love,
 Blesses the union and lets them ride on,
 Watches until she's gone.

Dark Desires

With eyes like coal he would burn my soul, and I loved him with dark de -

sire. I longed for his bite, but he just said "Good - night" for

Vlad was a gay vam - pire The lad - dies he'd sigh for, he'd

pine for - he'd die for? But no la - dy could be his de - light. Though I

begged and I pleaded, well he nev - er heeded my longing for one little bite.

With eyes like coal he could burn my soul
 And I loved him with dark desire
 I longed for his bite, but he just said "Goodnight"
 For Vlad was a gay vampire.

The laddies he'd sigh for, he'd pine for - he'd die for?
 But no lady could be his delight.
 Though I begged and I pleaded, well, he never heeded
 My longing for one little bite.

Still I stalked through the night seeking his strange delight
 And this proved to be his undoing.
 For I too met a man, as per nature's plan
 And his name was Marvin Van Helsing.

The ladies he'd sigh for, he'd pine for, he'd die for
 And I was Marvin's delight.
 No begging was needed, he gave when I pleaded
 And I pleaded a lot the first night.

And that's how Vlad found us, he grew quite astounded
 To be met by such a strange sight.
 In shock, he was sickened and then he was stricken
 By Marvin, who crossed him that night.

The laddies he sighed for, he pined for, he died for,
 No lady could be his delight.
 I begged and I pleaded - he should have acceded
 To my longing for one little bite.

The Visitor

Am C G E7 Am F C G

She o-pens her window, her eyes on the snow, And watch-es the moon in its noctur-nal glow. She

C G E7 Am C E7 Am G7

wonders if dreaming will bring her de-light And if she will see her sweet lov-er to-night. He

C Em Am Dm G E7 Am E7

steps to her window and bounds to the sill. She flies to her bed-room and bends to his will. They

Am Dm Am E7 Am C E7 Am

writhe in the bedclothes un-til morning's fee And he springs from her window, great goat foot-ed he.

She opens her window, her eyes on the snow
And watches the moon in its nocturnal glow.
She wonders if dreaming will bring her delight
And if she will see her sweet lover tonight.

CHORUS: He steps to her window and bounds to the sill,
She flies to her bedroom and bends to his will.
They writhe in the bedclothes until morning's fee
And he springs from her window, great goat footed he.

Quicksilver light on the snowbanks he springs,
And laughs as the starlight his wintersong sings,
She touches her cheek and she wipes a salt tear,
She knows the midwinter comes but once a year.

CHORUS

She watches and wonders if life grows within,
She wonders at autumn will she bear his kin.
She turns from her window at his final nod,
And dreams her sweet dreams of the goat footed god.

CHORUS



